

# THE HARTFORD HERALD.

All Kinds Job Printing Neatly Executed.

"I Come, the Herald of a Noisy World, the News of All Nations Lumbering at my Back."

Subscription, \$1.00 per Year, in Advance.

VOL. XXX.

HARTFORD, KY., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1904.

NO. 3.



can be so joy in motherhood without health, and without health for the mother there can be no health for the child.

**\$500 REWARD FOR WOMEN WHO CANNOT BE CURED.**

Backed up by over a third of a century of remarkable and uniform cures, a record such as no other remedy for the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women ever attained, the proprietors and makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now feel fully warranted in offering to pay \$500 in legal money of the United States, for any case of Leucorrhoea, Female Weakness, Prostitution, or Falling of the Womb which they cannot cure. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. W. J. Kiddle, of Hill Dale Farm (Reno, Nev.), writes: "During the past year I found myself expecting maternity, and in rapidly failing health. I suffered dreadfully from bleeding and urinary difficulties. I was growing perceptibly weaker each day and suffered much sharp pain at times. I felt that something must be done. Took twelve bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and also followed your instructions. I began to improve immediately, my health became excellent, and I could do all my own work. I had a short, easy confinement and have a healthy baby boy."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of an enclosed stamp for the paper covered book, or 21 stamps for the cloth bound. Address Dr. J. C. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

**Nasal CATARRH**

In all its stages there should be no cure. Ely's Cream Balm cures, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures catarrh and drives away a cold in the head quickly.

Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spread over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large Size, 50 cents at Dr. Getz or by mail. Trial Size, 10 cents at Dr. Getz or by mail. Trial Size, 10 cents at Dr. Getz or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 67 Warren Street, New York.

Nothing has ever equalled it. Nothing can ever surpass it.

**Dr. King's New Discovery**

For Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Lung Troubles, Money back if it fails. Trial Bottle Free.

Professional Cards.

JAS. R. GLENN, BEN D. KING, GLENN & KING, Lawyers, HARTFORD, KY.

Will practice their profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Special attention given to criminal practice and to collection of claims.

Also Notary Public for Ohio county.

C. M. BARNETT, C. E. SMITH, BARNETT & SMITH, Attorneys at Law, HARTFORD, KY.

Will practice their profession in all the Courts of Ohio and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Collections a specialty. Office over Republican printing office.

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Will practice his profession in all the Courts of Ohio and adjoining counties. Collections carefully attended to. Office with T. J. Smith & Co., Market street.

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Special attention given to collections and all kinds of surveying, making of Abstracts, &c. Also Notary Public for Ohio county. Office north side of public square.

W. H. BARNES, Attorney at Law, AND COUNTY ATTORNEY, HARTFORD, KY.

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E. P. NEAL, Attorney at Law, HARTFORD, KY.

Will practice his profession in all the Courts of Kentucky. Special attention given to Collections, settlement of Decedents' Estates, Road Cases and Criminal Practice. Office in courthouse, first door to right, entering from Market street.

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Will practice his profession in Ohio and all adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Criminal practice and Collections a specialty. Office in the Herald building.

## SOMETHING ABOUT SENATOR CORMAN.

SEEMS TO BE THE FAVORITE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.

His Rise in the World Through Pluck—His Political Record.

A MAN OF STRONG CAPABILITY.

[Washington Post, Louisville Times.]

"Why, there's Arthur Gorman," said Major J. M. Thomas, the veteran distiller of Louisville, several days ago at the New Willard Hotel in Washington.

"He tell me Gorman may be the next President. I won't be surprised if he is. You know, I am a Marylander, and once lived in Gorman's town. I was coming down the street one day and I saw a wagon loaded with several barrels of potatoes coming down the street. Something about the size of a good bottle of Bourbon whiskey was sitting on the seat and was guiding the mule team. Pretty soon the wagon stopped and this something sprang from the seat and began to pull one of the barrels of potatoes from the wagon. 'Look here, bud,' said I, 'one of these barrels will fall on you and mash you to death. Let me help you unload them.'"

"The boy was Arthur Gorman, and he replied:

"'Mister, I came to town to sell these potatoes and I am going to do it without any help. I am much obliged, but I'll unload them all right.'"

"I met a friend on the street, and to him I said:

"'That Gorman boy has got pluck. He'll come out all right. A fellow small enough to take a bath in a fountain pen, who insists on handling those barrels of potatoes without help, has the right stuff in him.'"

"And, let me tell you, he's been handling things ever since just as easily as he did the potatoes."

POLITICAL RECORD.

Senator Gorman is now the leader of the minority in the Senate, and is without doubt the strongest man whose name has been mentioned for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. He is a man of wonderful resources, shrewdness and political sagacity. He is a born leader and probably the best parliamentarian in the Senate. When he returned to that body after an absence of four years, he was immediately given the leadership of the Democrats. But he would have been their leader anyway by the force of his ability and training. Some men cannot be kept down and the Maryland Senator belongs to that kind.

Mr. Gorman entered the Senate as a page in 1852. In 1856 he left, after having served as Postmaster of the Senate. After service as a Collector of Internal Revenue, as President of the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal Company and as a member of both Houses of the Maryland Legislature and Speaker of the House, he was elected to the Senate of the United States in 1880. He served continuously until 1898, when he was defeated for reelection by Mr. Combs, Republican. In 1892 he was re-elected to succeed Senator Wellington and took his seat last March.

COMMANDING PRESENCE.

Senator Gorman is sixty-five years old, but looks much younger. He has a ruddy complexion which time has not wrinkled. His eyes are blue and yet as bright and as piercing as one could find in a week's journey. His hair is as white as snow and falls loosely over his head, which is exceedingly well shaped. The Senator is broad-shouldered and erect, and possesses a voice which is so deep and so clear and distinct that it is unusual. He is the embodiment of grace and dignity at all times and appears to be just as shrewd as he is. He has a cordial handshake and a pleasant salute for all his friends and acquaintances. Republicans say Mr. Gorman is a politician and a good one at that. The Democrats say that, and more. They regard him as a statesman. But

if the late Speaker Reed's definition of a statesman is correct, Senator Gorman will go down in history as a great statesman. Mr. Reed said "a statesman is a dead politician."

The Senator is quick and aggressive and is skilled in all the parliamentary practices of the Senate. He is a party man first, last and all the time, and is said to be a spoilsman. Consequently, Democrats know that if he should be nominated and elected President, no Republican would hold office long and Democrats would, for the first time, get what was coming to them. Mr. Gorman would use a new broom and a big one and a clean sweep would follow.

SOME SPECULATIONS.

At this time politicians are wondering what Senator Gorman's exact attitude on the Panama matter will be and what effect his course will have on the Presidential aspirations. It now appears that he will oppose the President's Panama policy with great vigor. Politicians are also wondering whether Mr. Gorman can get the support of New York in the National Convention. It is believed by many that Tammany is at heart for the Maryland Senator and will prove it when the time comes.

At the time of the incident Mr. Jones was 20 years old and a private in the Wisconsin Regiment. He is now foreman of a stone quarry in Cottonwood Falls. He tells of the war episode as it happened but yesterday. This is his story:

"In April of 1865 the Third Wisconsin, of which I was a member, was assigned to Missouri to assist in the suppression of the guerrillas, who were terrorizing the whole State, including the home guard. We made our headquarters in Lexington and we did not have to organize searching parties to discover bushwhackers who would give us arguments."

"The incident in which I figured so conspicuously took place May 17, 1865. A party of seventeen of us were returning along the Warrensburg road to Lexington from a scouting trip. We had reached a point about four and a-half miles from there, when we heard the sounds of a conflict ahead. Putting our horses to a gallop, we soon came upon the scene of the trouble. A detachment of nine or ten guerrillas was exchanging a few shots with a party of forty-two of the home guards. When the bushwhackers, one of whom was Jesse James, saw our reinforcements coming up, they charged the home guards, and brushing them aside, galloped up a narrow by-road. Two of them separated from the main body and pointed their horses' noses across the field. A party of my detachment began a chase for these, but seven of us lit out after the others."

"I rode the best horse in our party, and, before I knew it, I was considerably in advance of my companions, galloping rapidly on the guerrillas. I afterwards learned that the home guard did not take up the chase, as they feared an ambush. I had not gone far when I saw ahead of me the bushwhackers halted. They fired three or four shots at me, and then continued the retreat. I could hear my companions coming up from the rear and again set out after the enemy at a hot pace. A hundred yards farther on the guerrillas pumped a few more ineffectual shots at me. Turning a bend in the road, I again came upon the band, and my position was no enviable one. They were drawn up in line, and only a ditch separated them and me."

"I had been coming at a fast gallop and it was impossible for me to check my horse, so I think they thought I would try to do. Digging my spurs into my horse, I took the jump. After the fight I measured the ditch, and found it 175 feet wide. When I reined up I was in the midst of the band, and my surrender was demanded immediately. My horse, however, was lashing about, and he communicated his spirit to my mount. The horses became unmanageable, and to this, I think, I owe my life, for none of them could shoot without taking a great chance of shooting one of his own party. Hearing my companions coming up, the guerrillas again retreated, halting about 200 yards farther on. The road formed a horseshoe bend, so that the actual distance between us, straight across, was about thirty yards. There was a pond to separate us, and I tried to cut across the water to get in their advance. Others of my party coming up, however, determined to follow the again fleeing guerrillas along the road."

"After a short chase the guerrillas reined up and backed into a thick growth of underbrush to reload. Presently one of them advanced far enough out of cover for me to take a shot."

"The man was Jesse James. My shot had been effective, striking him full in the right breast. We saw him reel in the saddle and drop his revolver. Then he disappeared in the underbrush, and, although the chase was continued, we did not succeed in capturing any of the band."

"On May 21, Dave Poole, an officer of the guerrillas, surrendered in Warrensburg with 40 of his band to Captain John Bernard, of the Third Wisconsin. Jesse James was among the number, and it was then learned that it was he and I had wounded James. James was brought to Warrensburg on a stretcher, and was taken to an upper room in a hotel. He and I became quite friendly. He told me that shortly after we had given up the chase, his companions had left him, first hiding him in a clump of bushes. Twenty-four hours later he was picked up by a farmer. He was three years and a-half recovering from the wound."

"Some time later, as a reward for my action that day, I was offered my choice

## FIRE LAST SHOT OF THE CIVIL WAR.

THE CLAIMS OF JOHN J. JONES, OF KANSAS.

Interesting Story of Adventure With Dave Poole's Men in 1865.

SHOT AND WOUNDED JESSE JAMES.

John J. Jones, of Cottonwood Falls, Kan., is the latest claimant for the distinction of having fired the last shot in the Civil War.

Mr. Jones, who was in Kansas City last week, tells an interesting story of how, on May 17, 1865, a detachment of the Third Wisconsin Cavalry, of which he was a member, caught a band of guerrillas, among which was Jesse James. He fired at the band. The shot, he asserts, was the last fired during the war.

## COLORED MAN'S VIEWS

Of Public Matters—Thanks Gov. Beckham for His Message—The Race Question.

FRANKFORT, KY., Jan. 15.—The following letter is from a colored citizen of a Bluegrass county to Governor Beckham:

His Excellency, J. C. W. Beckham, Governor of Kentucky—My Dear Sir: As it is a custom of mine to read all of the messages and Thanksgiving proclamations of the different Governors of my native State (Kentucky), I have just completed reading your message to the General Assembly now convened in the city of Frankfort. I greatly admire the contents of the full message—none better—but the part which forcibly struck me, and agreeably so, was that part which concerns me personally, and my race in general, headed State Normal School. I realize, as do many negroes, that this Southland is our best hope, and our former slaveholders and their children are the negro's best friends. I am sure the negro received the right of suffrage, the right to vote, before he knew what to do with it; knew nothing of the sacredness of it; hence was taken advantage of by what in the early days of his freedom was, and is still known as carpet-baggers, and to-day is almost whipped into line by the same element which can achieve nothing for him, and which only needs him in ignorance, is a loyal race of people. The matter of social equality does not cross the right-thinking negro's mind. All his desires are to be a man, a true citizen, accumulate wealth, honor and intellectual growth, looking forward in common with other men to the betterment of his home, his State and country. He believes to the victors belong the spoils, and he is gradually growing weary of helping to push the battle to the gate with a party, that all the spoils going on one side of the house while a greater portion of those who help them to victory must go back and ask work of those very people whom they fought against at the polls. MY PEOPLE ARE THE ONLY RACE WHO ARE EXPECTED TO ALL VOTE THE SAME WAY. All other nationalities divide politically, and many negroes from now on will be found thinking for themselves along the line of voting. We owe the Republican party nothing. I simply could not resist writing to you and thanking you for the words of cheer given to my people in your message."

Many of my people never read a message unless from a Republican Governor or President; in fact, never read any paper unless it is styled Republican or denominational. Many, for fear of ostracism, would not be caught with a Democratic newspaper, or if a Baptist, be caught with a Methodist sheet. But we are gradually learning to read what we please; weigh the matter, squeeze out the essence and act according to the dictates of our consciences in these matters."

In reading some yellow sheets last fall a man would conclude that we were not fit to live, much less to be Governor of this grand Old Commonwealth. In this comes the adage, "Truth crushed to earth will rise again." I doff my hat to you; you are my Governor as well as Governor of all the people. God bless you, and may all the people hold up your hands, to assist in making our State a grand and glorious Commonwealth. Excuse this interruption, but we are a great people to say good things of men after they are dead, and I was anxious for you to know my sentiments while in life. Very respectfully, H. Timothy, Jr., 15.

Mothers can safely give Foley's Honey and Tar to their children for coughs and colds, for it contains no opiates or other poisons. For sale by J. H. Williams, druggist.

Was Unoccupied.

A teacher in a quiet country village, on the second morning of the session, found leisure to note his surroundings, and among his scanty furniture, discovered a three-legged stool.

"Is that the dunce block?" he inquired of a little girl of five. The dark eyes sparkled, the curls nodded assent and the lips rippled out.

"I guess so; the teacher always sits on that."

## LOOKING AT THE WIND.

Mr. W. S. Crane, of California, Md., suffered for years from rheumatism and lumbago. He was finally advised to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which he did and it effected a complete cure. For sale by J. H. Williams.

Looking at the Wind.

[Wilkesbarre Penn. Leader.]

Ever take a look at the wind? Can't say it, you say? Yes, you can. Some day when a gale is blowing and the atmosphere is cold, go out in your yard, taking a nice, bright hand saw. If the wind is blowing from the north, hold the saw with its ends pointing, one to the east, the other to the west. Take the saw as if you were going to cut the air upward and let the teeth, which are on top, tilt it over till the flat part of the saw is on an angle of 45 degrees with the horizon.

Then if you look along the teeth of the saw, you can see the wind pour over the teeth as plainly as the water over a waterfall.

And the Great Sensation He Produced One Night in a Bridal Chamber.

Senator Sebastian, of Arkansas, was a native of Hickman county, Tennessee. On one occasion a member of Congress was lamenting on his bashfulness and awkwardness. "Why," said the Senator from Arkansas, "you don't know what bashfulness is. Let me tell you a story, and when I get through I'll stand the bob if you don't agree that you never knew anything about bashfulness and its baneful effects. I was the most bashful boy west of the Alleghenies. I wouldn't look at a girl, much less speak to a maiden, but for all that, I fell desperately in love with a sweet, beautiful neighbor girl. It was a desirable match on both sides, and the old folks saw the drift and fixed it up. I thought I should die, just thinking of it. I was a gawky, awkward country lad, about 19 years old. She was an intelligent, refined and fairly well educated girl in the country and at a time when girls had superior advantages, and were therefore superior in culture to the boys. I fixed the day as far as I could have put it off. I lay awake in a cold perspiration as the time grew near, and shivered with agony as I thought of the terrible ordeal."

"The dreadful day came. I went through with the program somehow in a dazed, confused, mechanical sort of way, like an automaton, through a supper where I could eat nothing, and through such games as 'possum pie,' 'sister Phoebe' and all that sort of things. The guests one by one departed, and my hair began to stand on end. Beyond the awful curtain of Isis lay the terrible unknown. My blood grew cold and boiled by turns. I was in a fever and then an ague, pale and flushed by turns. I felt like fleeing to the woods, spending the night in a barn, leaving for the West, never to return. I was deeply devoted to Salie. I loved her harder than a mule can kick; but that dreadful ordeal—I could not, I dared not stand it."

"Finally the last guest was gone, the bride retired, the family gone, and there I was left alone—horribly of horrors—alone with the old man."

"John," said he, "you can take that candle. You will find your room just over this. Good night, John, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul," and with a mischievous twinkle of his fine gray eyes the old man left the room. I mentally said "Amen" to his "Heaven help you," and, when I heard him close a distant door, staggered to my feet and seized the candle dip with a nervous grasp. I stood for some minutes, contemplating my terrible fate, and the inevitable and speedy doom about to overwhelm me. I knew that it could not be avoided, and yet I hesitated to meet my fate like a man. I stood so long that three love-letters had grown on the wick of the tallow dip, and a winding sheet was descending on the side of the brass candlestick.

"A happy thought struck me. I has-

tily climbed the stairs, marked the position of the landing and the door of the bridal chamber. I would have died before I would have disrobed in that holy chamber, where awaited me a beautiful and trembling girl, a blushing maiden, "clothed upon" with her own beauty and modesty, and her snowy robe de nuit. I would make the usual preparations without, blow out the light, open the door, and friendly night would shield my shrinking modesty and bashfulness, and grateful darkness at least mitigate the horror of the situation. It was soon done. Preparations for retiring were few and simple in their character in Hickman, altogether consisting in disrobing, and owing to scarcity of cloth in those days, man was somewhere near the Adam state when he was prepared to swoon sweet sleep. The dreadful hour had come. I was ready. I blew out the light, grasped the door-knob with a deathly grip and a nervous clutch; one moment and it would be over. One moment and I wasn't over by a long shot. I leaped within and there, around a glowing flicker of fire, with candles burning brightly on the mantle and bureau, was the blushing bride, surrounded by six lovely bridesmaids."

Congratulations.

Mr. John H. Cullon, editor of the Garland, Texas, News, has written a letter of congratulation to the manufacturers of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as follows: "Sixteen years ago when our first child was a baby he was subject to croup, whooping, and we would be very uneasy about him. We began using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in 1887, and finding it such a reliable remedy for Colds and Croup, we have never been without it in the house since that time. We have five children and have given it to all of them with good results. One good feature of this remedy is that it is not disagreeable to take and our babies really like it. Another is, it is not dangerous, and there is no risk from giving an overdose. I congratulate you on the success of your remedy." For sale by J. H. Williams, Hartford, Ky.

Rich Widows Won't Marry.

Ninety widows in a town of 2,500 population. Every one good looking, all of them rich, and not one that wants to marry again. That is a part of the census record at Crownpoint, Ind.

At the intersection of two streets, making four corners, are two squares, called "Quality Corners," and at these corners are four widows whose aggregate wealth is more than \$800,000 and in two blocks are eight widows who can draw their checks for at least \$200,000 or more. In the vicinity of "Quality Corners" are eleven widows, all hand-

FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

will be sent to anyone addicted to morphine or other drug habits, on receipt of request. This trial will demonstrate its remarkable curative value.

Confidential correspondence especially solicited. Write at once for our free booklet containing references, etc.

Manhattan Therapeutic Ass'n, Dept. B, 1133 Broadway, N.Y. City.

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## THE OLDEST MAN IN AMERICA

Tells How He Escaped the Terrors of Many Winters by Using Pe-ru-na.

Mr. Brock's Age is 114 Years.

This centenarian is an ardent friend of Peru-na, having used it many years. In speaking of his good health and extreme old age, Mr. Brock says: "After a man has lived in the world as long as I have, he ought to have found out a great many things by experience. I think I have done so."

"One of the things I have found out to my entire satisfaction is the proper thing for ailments that are due directly to the effects of the climate. For 114 years I have withstood the changeable climate of the United States."

"I have always been a very healthy man, but of course subject to the little ailments which are due to sudden changes in the climate and temperature. During my long life I have known a great many remedies for coughs, colds and diarrhoea."

"As for Dr. Hartman's remedy Peru-na, I have found it to be the best, if not the only, reliable remedy for these ailments. It has been my standby for many years, and I attribute my good health and extreme old age to this remedy."

"It exactly meets all my requirements. It protects me from the evil effects of sudden changes; it keeps me in good appetite; it gives me strength; it keeps my blood in good circulation. I have come to rely upon it almost entirely for the many little things for which I need medicine."

"When epidemics of the grippe first began to make their appearance in this country I was a sufferer from this disease."

"I had several long sleighs with the grip. At first I did not know that Peru-na was a remedy for this disease. When I heard that the grippe was epidemic catarrh, I tried Peru-na for the grippe and found it to be just the thing."

Yours truly,  
Isaac Brock.

For a free book on catarrh, address The Peru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, O. If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peru-na, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

ISAAC BROCK, a citizen of McLennan county, Texas, has lived for 114 years. For many years he resided at Boque Falls, eighteen miles west of Law, but now lives with his son-in-law at Valley Mills, Texas.

Ask Your Druggist for a Free Peru-na Almanac for 1904.

ARE YOU SORE? USE Paracamp

Relieves Instantly or Money Refunded.

**Itching, Bleeding Piles,**

**Stops the Itching. Stops the Bleeding. Alays all Inflammation. It Cools. It Soothes. It Cures.**

Sold only in 25c, 50c, & \$1.00 Bottles. At all good Druggists.

FOR SALE BY Z. WAYNE GRIFFIN & BRO

Some, all well-to-do. The rest of the ninety widows are scattered over town. These widows enjoy themselves and are noted for their acts of charity, and many of the poor people of the city can thank them for good dinners and warm clothing in winter. It was once reported that the widows of Crownpoint were going to organize a union, but the man who started the report mysteriously disappeared and has never been heard of but once—then he was living the life of a hermit in a cave in the Rocky Mountains.

A Very Close Call.

"I stuck to my engine, although every joint ached and every nerve was racked with pain," writes C. W. Bellamy, locomotive fireman, of Burlington, Iowa. "I was weak, pale and without appetite and all run down. As I was about to give up, I got a bottle of Electric Bitters, and after taking it, I felt as well as I ever did in my life. Weak, sickly, run down people always gain new life, strength and vigor from their use. Try them. Satisfaction guaranteed by J. H. Williams. Price 50 cents."

What Slavery Did for the Negro.

Nor must it be forgotten, so far as the negro is concerned, that slavery was, in its way, a thoroughgoing school, and that the negro race was educated in the cotton fields and cabins of the South; a fact which a great many Northern people have overlooked and which they still fail to understand. In the Old South there was very little negro crime, and no negro idleness. The negro worked under directions; he was taught how to work; he cheerfully accepted his work, and he was the soul of fidelity, as the history of the war proved. Suddenly he was turned out of this school, and no other school was open to him. All the old restraints were removed. He was advanced to citizenship under conditions which would have turned the heads of a stranger and more thoroughly educated race. It is not surprising that in many cases he lost his head; that his administration began in many States a travesty of decent government, and that he was the tool of unscrupulous

politicians. It is not surprising that, having had the school door closed in his face, and having been turned out to care for himself, large numbers of negroes ceased to work. A generation of idlers grew up. The worst instincts of the negro came to the front; the percentage of criminals among negroes increased to an alarming extent; many were guilty of crimes of violence of the most heinous and repulsive kind. In place of the respectful, obedient, faithful servants there has come in large numbers a man who is often unwilling to work, who is insolent, ignorant and often vicious. This was the inevitable result of the sudden reversal of conditions.

Slight Misunderstanding.

Kind Lady—I'm sorry, but I have nothing but a piece of cold mince pie to give you.

Subject Hank—"Scuse me, lady, but youse evidently misunderstood me. I don't want no work; I want somethin' ter eat. See?"

Possibly the only child of the United States who can boast of a great-great-grandmother is David Ross Chambers, aged two, who resides with his parent at Bushnell, Ill. This grand-mother thrice removed, is Mrs. Nancy G. Bond, of Warren county, Ill., and who is now in the ninety-seventh year of her age.

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Relieves Instantly or Money Refunded.

**Itching, Bleeding Piles,**

**Stops the Itching. Stops the Bleeding. Alays all Inflammation. It Cools. It Soothes. It Cures.**

Sold only in 25c, 50c, & \$1.00 Bottles. At all good Druggists.

FOR SALE BY Z. WAYNE GRIFFIN & BRO

Some, all well-to-do. The rest of the ninety widows are scattered over town. These widows enjoy themselves and are noted for their acts of charity, and many of the poor people of the city can thank them for good dinners and warm clothing in winter. It was once reported that the widows of Crownpoint were going to organize a union, but the man who started the report mysteriously disappeared and has never been heard of but once—then he was living the life of a hermit in a cave in the Rocky Mountains.

A Very Close Call.

"I stuck to my engine, although every joint ached and every nerve was racked with pain," writes C. W. Bellamy, locomotive fireman, of Burlington, Iowa. "I was weak, pale and without appetite and all run down. As I was about to give up, I got a bottle of Electric Bitters, and after taking it, I felt as well as I ever did in my life. Weak, sickly, run down people always gain new life, strength and vigor from their use. Try them. Satisfaction guaranteed by J. H. Williams. Price 50 cents."

What Slavery Did for the Negro.

Nor must it be forgotten, so far as the negro is concerned, that slavery was, in its way, a thoroughgoing school, and that the negro race was educated in the cotton fields and cabins of the South; a fact which a great many Northern people have overlooked and which they still fail to understand. In the Old South there was very little negro crime, and no negro idleness. The negro worked under directions; he was taught how to work; he cheerfully accepted his work, and he was the soul of fidelity, as the history of the war proved. Suddenly he was turned out of this school, and no other school was open to him. All the old restraints were removed. He was advanced to citizenship under conditions which would have turned the heads of a stranger and more thoroughly educated race. It is not surprising that in many cases he lost his head; that his administration began in many States a travesty of decent government, and that he was the tool of unscrupulous

politicians. It is not surprising that, having had the school door closed in his face, and having been turned out to care for himself, large numbers of negroes ceased to work. A generation of idlers grew up. The worst instincts of the negro came to the front; the percentage of criminals among negroes increased to an alarming extent; many were guilty of crimes of violence of the most heinous and repulsive kind. In place of the respectful, obedient, faithful servants there has come in large numbers a man who is often unwilling to work, who is insolent, ignorant and often vicious. This was the inevitable result of the sudden reversal of conditions.

Slight Misunderstanding.

Kind Lady—I'm sorry, but I have nothing but a piece of cold mince pie to give you.

Subject Hank—"Scuse me, lady, but youse evidently misunderstood me. I don't want no work; I want somethin' ter eat. See?"

Possibly the only child of the United States who can boast of a great-great-grandmother is David Ross Chambers, aged two, who resides with his parent at Bushnell, Ill. This grand-mother thrice removed, is Mrs. Nancy G. Bond, of Warren county, Ill., and who is now in the ninety-seventh year of her age.

**Tutt's Pills**

And save your health.